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said that their educational value is ephemeral, ought at least to arouse the slumbering synthetic process which alone can energize knowledge. Whatever historical inaccuracies may mar one or another of these great moving pictures, their value, on the whole, is incalculable in stimulating enthusiasm. In place of the mosaic representations of human life and its problems, extracted from one page, one paragraph, and even one sentence, a brilliant revelation is brought to mind and to eye of the totality of ancient life in all its vitality<sup>3</sup>.

UNIVERSITY OF  
PENNSYLVANIA

GEORGE DEPUE HADZSITS.

### THE CLASSICAL CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA

The 151st meeting of The Classical Club of Philadelphia was held on Friday evening, November 5, with thirty members present. The Classical Club offers a prize of \$20, in gold, each year, to the boy and the girl who are graduated in the year from any Secondary School at least one member of whose faculty is a member of The Classical Club of Philadelphia or of The Classical League of Philadelphia, and who shall pass the best competitive examination in Latin and Greek. The Prize Committee, in reporting the results of the examinations given early last June, awarded the prizes to students of the Central High School and the Girls' High School, respectively.

The paper of the evening was contributed by Dr. Alfred Gudeman, of Munich, the founder of the Club. It was read by the Secretary. Its subject was The Influence of Aristotle's Poetics on Modern Literature. Dr. Gudeman traced the history of the interpretation and criticism of the Poetics from the time of its first accessibility to modern (sixteenth century) European scholars to the present day, and illustrated the practical effect of the treatise and its interpretations upon poetic, and especially upon dramatic, writing, period by period. He summed up by stating that "The success or popularity of no other work of small compass can be compared with the influence which the Poetics exercised for centuries upon the literature of Europe".

B. W. MITCHELL, Secretary.

### THE NEW YORK CLASSICAL CLUB

The New York Classical Club met on Saturday, November 6, at The Metropolitan Museum of Art. The other regular meetings this season will be held in this convenient and pleasant place. In addition to other advantages, it is matter for satisfaction that the lecture-room is unusually quiet. The Director of the Museum, Dr. Robinson, gave the Club a delightful welcome in a brief speech, in which he spoke also of the value that the use of the Museum collections has in "humanizing" the teaching of Latin and Greek, and in rousing the interest of students.

Professor Lily Ross Taylor, of Vassar College, gave an account of her visits to Etruscan towns in 1919 and 1920, while she was in search of material for an investigation of religious cults in Etruria. Her address was, for the greatest part, non-technical, describing her journeys rather than her discoveries in regard to religion; she made her audience feel again the charm of places endeared to our imaginations, and seeming of late so far away; as the President of the Club said, in thanking

her, she recalled the romantic side of our field of work, the adventures of the archaeologist in the open.

Dean West, of Princeton, in telling something of the affairs of the American Classical League, said that he believed that the strongest single argument for Latin, with audiences of widely varying composition, is the argument from the connection of Latin and English. He deplored the piteous plight of the English language in America, the lack of unity of usage, and the bad results, even in the political field, that can come from the decay of a national speech. Our School system is in need of revision, with a longer time provided for Secondary education, earlier introduction of Latin and modern languages into the curriculum, and more teachers of English properly trained in the Classics.

The guests of honor at the luncheon, each of whom spoke briefly, were Dr. George Alexander, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of New York City, who has been a member of the Club for several years; Miss Jean K. Mackenzie, missionary and writer, who has recently given much pleasure to readers of the Atlantic Monthly by her Biography of an Old Gentleman; and Sir William Ramsay, who needs no introduction to students of the Classics.

SUSAN FOWLER, *Censor*.

### THREE LATIN PLAYLETS<sup>1</sup>

#### I

#### Quomodo Amici Deligendi Sint

Dramatis Personae—Mater, Filia. Scene—  
a room in any home. Mother sits sewing. Enter daughter.

Filia.—Ave, mater dulcissima.

Mater.—Ubi fuisti, mea cara filia?

Filia.—In domo Lesbiae eram, mater.

Mater.—Sed Lesbiam non amo, et te rogavi ne in domum Lesbiae eas; illa non est amica tibi idonea.

Filia (*hangs her head, ashamed, and turns away a little*).—  
Bene scio: sed iucundissima est, et multas pupas habet.

Mater.—Ubi est calathus pomorum bonorum plenus, quem tibi dedi, filia mea?

Filia.—In cubiculo meo cum cura eum servo, mater mea.

Mater.—Huc portato, carissima, et mihi monstrato.  
(*The daughter goes out for a moment, then reappears carrying a small basket*).

Filia.—Ecce, mater dulcissima! (*She takes off the cover*). Sed plurima sunt maculata! Eheu! Di me puniunt!

Mater.—Non puniunt te di, sed tu ipsa, quod unum pomum maculatum in calatho reliquisti; et nunc omnia sunt maculata. Ita, filia mea, amicae malae puellam bonam maculabunt.

Filia.—O mater mea dulcissima, numquam in domum Lesbiae rursus ibo.

<sup>1</sup>These three thumb-nail dramas I composed for my first semester pupils to give in class in celebration of their passage into the second semester. The longest of them does not take over eight minutes to play. I pushed my desk out of the way, and the pupils performed the playlets in the front of the class-room, without costumes or any attempt at scenery, of course. A basket in the smallest play, a raincoat to serve for Sir Walter's cloak, and a piece of rope to lay around the necks of the burghers of Calais, were all the properties. My chair served equally well for the mother who sat sewing and for the king who received the peace embassy.

<sup>3</sup>The George Kleine Cycle of Film Classics is obtainable, at very moderate rentals, from the New Era Films, Incorporated, 207 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

## II

## De Regina et Equite

Dramatis Personae.—Elizabetha, Regina; Raleigh, Eques; Domina Prima; Domina Secunda; Aliae Dominae; Comites; etc. Scene—a street in London, A.D. 1560. Enter Queen Elizabeth followed by the ladies of the court and Raleigh.

Reg. El.—Dies pulcherrimus est; de caelo aperto aerae iucundae infant.

Dom. Prima.—Sol tibi aridet. O regina beatissima, mater Natura te amat. (*Smiles and curtsies to queen*).

Reg. El.—Libenter hodie ambulo cum amicis (*smiles at Domina Prima*); aer enim est lenissimus.

Dom. Secunda.—Libenter hodie tecum omnes ambulamus, regina amanda. (*She also smiles and curtsies to the queen, who returns the smile*).

Reg. El.—Sed quid video? Lutum, lutum multum!

Dom. Prima.—Eheu! Tota via est luti plena!

Dom. Secunda.—Pedes maculabimus!

Reg. El.—Lutum timeo; pedem maculare nolo. (*Raleigh is seen unwrapping his cloak. He steps forward, and flings it over the mud*).

Raleigh.—Pedem non maculabis, regina pulcherrima! Si super hoc pallium ambulabis, nec pes nec stola luto tangetur.

Reg. El.—Gratias multas tibi ago, eques clarissime. (*She steps upon the mantle, assisted by his hand; pausing at the far side, she turns and looks back at him*). In numero amicorum optimorum te adscribo, nec pallio novo egebis, sed semper vestis splendoras et pretiosas habebis. (*Raleigh bows low*).

*Exit the Queen, while Raleigh hands the ladies over the cloak, and then they all follow the queen.*

## III

## De Virtute et Clementia

Dramatis Personae.—Eduardus, Rex Britannorum; Philippa, Regina; Nuntius regis; Eustacius de St. Pierre, princeps oppidanorum; Quinque legati oppidi; Milites Britanni; Oppidani. Scene—the general's tent in the English camp outside Calais, 1347 A.D. The king is seated, reading dispatches. Enter the messenger.

Nuntius.—Ave, rex. (*He kneels*).

Rex.—Dic, nunti: quid est?

Nuntius.—Oppidani fame moriuntur; mures et pelles edunt.

Rex.—(*Rising exultantly*) Hodie certe mihi se dedit, et victoriam reportabo!

Nuntius.—Nunc legatus venit ad pacem petendam. (*The king reseats himself. Enter Eustacius de St. Pierre, followed by the five leading citizens of Calais, and a crowd of townspeople. Soldiers place themselves behind and beside the king's chair. Eustacius kneels*).

Eustacius.—Ave rex et victor!

Rex.—Victi tandem estis!

Eustacius.—Victi quidem sumus, rex magne, sed non navibus, non armis, non militibus. Fames nos vicit. Hodie nos tuae clementiae permittimus.

Rex.—Nihil clementiae mihi est! (*Rises angrily*). Tantam pertinaciam cum severitate puniam. Sex principes ex civium tuorum numero necari iubeo. Te ad urbem confer atque huc tecum reducere quos interficiamus. Tum urbs obsidione libera erit. (*Eustacius rises from his kneeling position, turns and looks meaningfully at the five chief citizens, who bow their heads slightly and sadly, moving closer beside and behind him. Eustacius turns again toward the king*).

Eustacius.—Nos ipsi vovimus ad patriam servandam, rex; nos interfice pro reliquis civibus.

Rex.—Bene est. Funem cervicibus circumdate, milites, atque eos ad caedem educite. (*Soldiers step forward and put a rope around the necks of the six patriots. The crowd says, low and mournfully, Vae victis, vae victis, repeating it. The queen's voice is heard outside*).

Regina.—Cur lugetis? Hodie pacem habebimus. Quid est? (*Enter Regina Philippa*).

Regina.—Ave, coniunx regie! tibi gratulor de victoria. Sed cur plorant oppidani?

Rex.—(*Indicates the six citizens who stand near by, guarded by soldiers and with a rope laid around their necks. One or two of the crowd still say, Vae victis*).—Hi viri pro patria moriuntur. Pertinaciam civium morte sex principum punio.

Regina.—(*Regards the men pityingly a moment, then quickly kneels before the king*).—O rex benigne, mea verba accipe! Nonne hi recte patriam defenderunt? Fortes et liberi viri sunt, morte non digni. (*The king folds his arms and looks sternly out over the audience*). Veniam oro! vitam horum virorum fortium mihi da!

Rex.—Non possum ignoscere huius urbis sceleri! (*The queen remains kneeling, but drops her face into her hands, weeping. The king regards her, but looks resolutely away again. The soldiers start slowly to lead out the victims. Again is heard from the crowd, softly, Vae victis. The king looks back at the queen, his expression becoming mild*).

Rex.—Sed lacrimae tuae meam iram vincunt. (*He takes her hand to help her up from her kneeling position. She smiles at him, as he hands her to the chair he had been sitting in*). Liberi estis, oppidani. (*The soldiers unwrap the rope*).

Eustacius.—Gratias tibi agimus, rex clarissime. (*He turns toward the crowd*). Gaudeamus, gaudeamus! (*They all go out, shouting, Gaudeamus!*). (*The king offers his hand to the queen and leads her out in the opposite direction*).